

THE MONSTER OF THE BOOKS

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The legend began in a dark and cold night at 5.00 am.

The guy was sleeping in his room. He was concentrated in his dream, provably, a beautiful dream. But he woke up with a soft noise. He turned on a little light close to his bed and looked around him. It was nobody, nothing. He didn't see his roommate in his bed. His bed was empty. He heard the same soft noise again. It came of the kitchen. Silence.

After two minutes... the soft noise again. The guy was worried. He was thinking to go to the kitchen but he was scared. He covered his body with his blanket using it like a shield.

Every two minutes he could hear the same noise. But he couldn't recognize it.

He waited ten more minutes hearing the noise every two minutes. He thought in the noise. It was a familiar sound. He had heard this noise for some weeks, maybe 7, maybe 8, maybe more weeks.

The guy jumped in his bed. He remembered that he started to hear the noise when his roommate arrived to his home. His roommate was never at home. The guy knew that his roommate was working on mornings and studying on afternoons. Somehow he was a stranger for him and, maybe, he could live with a murderer without knowing it.

He heard the strange sound again and he began to be more nervous. He locked the door of the room but he knew this was not the solution. He wanted to know where his roommate was and called him. The melody of the cell phone sounded inside the room. It scared him more and he stopped the call very quick.

-“What can I do?” He thought.

And, suddenly, the weird sound stopped. He was quiet, waiting for a noise. But it was nothing. The silence made him to be more nervous. He finally understood that after 30 minutes it was the moment to go to know what was happening.

He walked to the door, with the blanket around his body, and opened it very slowly. He had his cell phone in his left hand. His blanket was a shield and his cell-phone his sword. He felt surer like a knight with this but he didn't know why.

He was walking on the living room turning on all the lights.

Finally he arrived to the kitchen. Silence.

He saw a book on the table. The guy caught the book. It was “The old man and the sea”. In that moment the door of the bathroom opened it.

The guy saw somebody coming out to the kitchen. He was waiting with the book in his right hand. He recognized the person.

-“Ey, what's up?? What are you doing?” The guy said.

-“I’m fine, I’m reading a book. Why?” The roommate answered.

-You scared me man! I listened something in the kitchen but I didn’t know what it was. Camo’n man!! Go to sleep, enjoy your life! You are like a monster, the monster of the books. You are reading here and scaring the people with that noise skipping pages of all your books!!” The guy said laughing with his roommate.

That guy was the monster of the books...